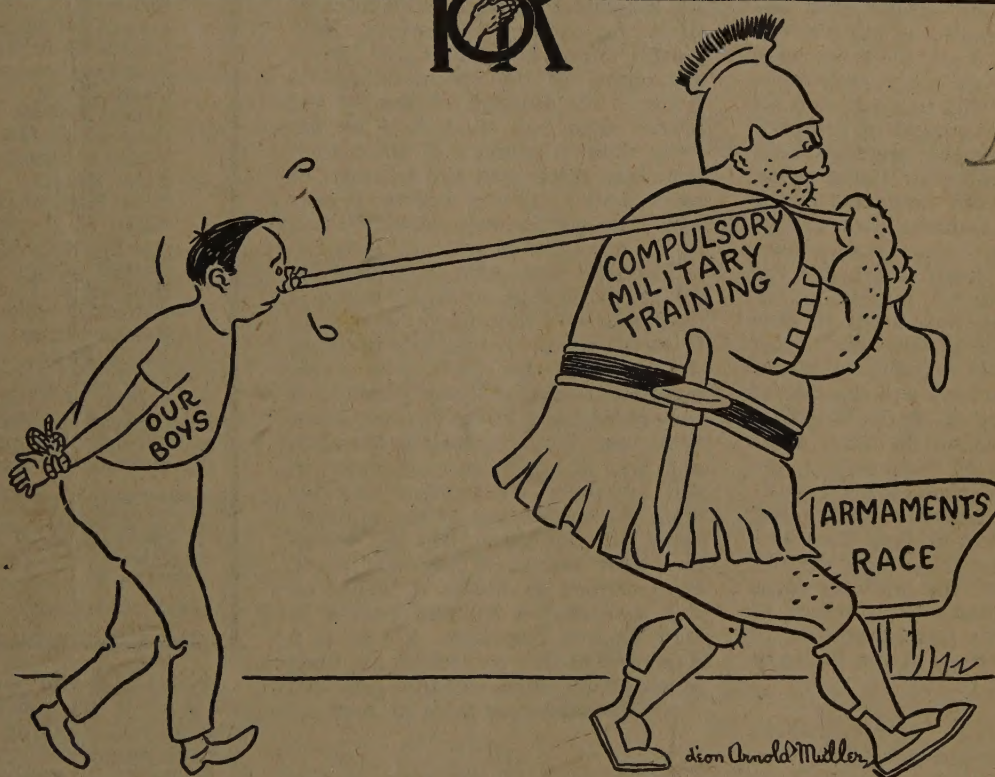


FELLOWSHIP

May 1947



Vol. XIII—No. 5



Dupe

Jim Crow and the White Press

By EARL CONRAD

Reminiscences

By WILLIAM E. STAFFORD

Politics and Passivism

By FELIX GREENE

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John Haynes Holmes

I
THE QUESTION OF WAR memorials is to the fore again. We feel that we must glorify our soldier heroes and commemorate our soldier dead. Yet we are unhappy about it! For how are we ever going to get rid of war in the future, when we keep right on celebrating it in the past? Our streets and squares are filled with statues of great generals, with group statuary in honor of distinguished regiments and brigades, with soldiers' monuments, and victory columns and arches. In the last war there was invented the grave of the Unknown Soldier, which now appears in every capital of our western world. In New York we even have a memorial to an army chaplain—a bronze figure clad in khaki and set against the background of a cross.

How uncomfortable we feel about all this is indicated by the growing endeavor to get our commemorations away from the military idea. A memorial, yes! But not a war memorial! I know a town which has the traditional soldiers' monument of the Civil War period—a boy in blue set on top of a granite shaft. But the monument in memory of World War I is a town hall, and the monument in memory of World War II is a public playground. In other communities I hear of memorials in the form of college scholarships, traveling fellowships, libraries, clubhouses, recreation centers, bridges. The Cenotaph in London is perhaps the noblest of all these non-military ideas—an altar erected in the center of one of the city's busiest streets, to receive the offerings of the living to the dead.

II.

But why have any war memorials at all? If we would get rid of war, must we not break with the war tradition, and regard not with pomp and circumstance, nor even with pride and pity, but with horror this monstrous evil of the ages? Why not tear down the war statues and monuments of the past, and highly resolve never to rear their like again? There is precedent for such action!

When I went to Moscow in 1922, the early days of the revolution, I was impressed by the great Church of Jesus Christ the Savior. It was one of the noblest of all the cathedrals in Russia. I attended a service there, one of a vast throng of people, and can see today the splendor of the ceremonial, and hear even now the glorious singing of the choir.

On my second visit to Russia, in 1931, I was startled to hear that this

great church was closed, and was about to be dismantled and destroyed. Even while I was in the city, the wreckers began removing the golden crosses from the domes. I was outraged. Here was one more example, and this time a crowning one, of Russia's abominable war against religion. But I was wrong.

The cathedral was primarily not a church at all, but a war memorial. It had been erected shortly after Russia's great victory over Napoleon in 1812, and was dedicated as a monument in perpetual memory of this famous feat of arms. In the lobbies of the stupendous edifice were inscriptions describing the event, and marble tablets bearing in gold letters the names of the commanding officers in the Russian armies, of the heroes who had died, and of the great Czar Alexander I. Here each year was celebrated the triumph of more than a century before. It was war that was commemorated in this place, not God. It was soldiers, not saints, who were held in honor. So the revolutionists, despising war and nationalism in those days, were glad to have excuse to tear the building down. It was the removal of a war monument—and that was good! How they would feel about it now, when Stalin has made himself a Marshal, and war is again being glorified in the expulsion of another invader from the sacred soil of the Motherland, I do not know. But the precedent still stands. If any war could be described as noble, it would be this war of the Russian people in 1812 against Napoleon. Yet it is a memorial of this war which has been leveled to the dust, and thus removed from the admiring gaze of men.

III.

I can think of one type of war monument that is fitting in this atomic age, when we are striving to end war and to establish enduring peace. What I have in mind is an atonement monument, like the Michael Servetus monument in Geneva. The prime purpose of the Calvinists responsible for its erection was to offer penance for the dreadful act of burning, which was the crime not merely of Calvin but of his age.

Then we might have still another kind of war monument! For to offer atonement is not only to confess guilt and shame but to make high resolve of reform. To pledge solemnly before God and man to "sin no more"! Such a monument of dedication is the famous Christ of the Andes, erected on the mountain border be-

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tween Chile and Argentina at the close of a war between these two states, and binding them to perpetual peace.

These are monuments not unworthy a true remembrance. Is it too much to hope that the time will come when we will rid our cities, towns and villages of the militaristic horrors that now clutter up their streets and squares, and thus make way for memorials of this nobler sort? If we want to commemorate fittingly our dead in arms, let us proclaim in living bronze our penitence that they were slain for our transgressions. If a community would do honor to its soldiers in the last war, let it rear in some place of honor a figure of the Prince of Peace. Then will blind glorification of the bloody past no longer stultify and at last kill our hopes for the coming of that radiant day when wars and rumors of wars will be no more.

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Subheads

Defense Note

Part of the War Department's multi-billion dollar appropriation is being spent on a movie, being made by Pare Lorentz, about the Juilliard School of Music in New York.

Security

Psychologists and economists keep buttonholing us to insist that we recognize that one of man's major motivations is the desire for security. We have no objection to recognizing this, but we do have a warning for man. We're all for security when it's defined in terms of the right to a job, old-age and health insurance, and so on, but man had better recognize that the definition is not wholly accurate. The lack of a retirement plan may be an obstacle in the way of achieving security, but the plan itself does not constitute security. Security is a slippery thing, as hard to grasp and hold as mercury, and its nest is not in insurance policies or job-contracts, but somewhere down inside the individual. With all the external factors favorable security may still be absent, and the reverse is as true.

We got to thinking about this because of the old-clothes man who walks up and down Broadway in front of this building. He is small and unobtrusive, but every day when we go out to lunch he approaches slowly, casts a carefully speculative glance over our hitherto respectable-enough garments, and then, staring us full in the eye, inquires: "Old clothes?" It's a little thing, but the portion of security that comes from feeling adequately clothed has vanished, possibly forever.

Ain't It the Truth?

*To write ironic
Is very deleterious.
So many readers
Take you serious.*

—N. Y. Times Magazine

Subversive

In the Senate hearings on the appointment of David Lilienthal as Atomic Energy Commission head, Senator Bricker, one of Ohio's Presidential hopefuls, cited a serious charge against Mr. Lilienthal. It seems the former

TVA head once employed as assistant counsel a man who, when applying for a passport, had amended the oath on his application to read that he would support the Constitution of the United States "to the limit of my conscience."

No-o-o!

NAM IS INSINCERE
ON TAXES, CIO SAYS
—Headline, N. Y. Times

Standard of Living

The five members of the Federal Trade Commission are having a hard time making ends meet, according to one of them, Lowell B. Mason. Mr. Mason spoke heart-rendingly the other day about how three members of the commission live "with other folks" to help share household expenses, while the wife of one member helps out financially by giving piano lessons.

These unfortunates, who are "degraded" by a "parsimony that reduces their standard of living below that of a moderately successful 'rags, bottles and old clothes man,'" must subsist on a mere \$10,000 a year each. Mr. Mason says that they ought to be paid at least enough to permit them to maintain an "ordinary standard of living."

Our Own Webster— Non-Aggressive Action Division

An area in Australia, 200 miles wide and 1400 miles long, later to be extended 3,000 miles to Christmas Island, has been set aside for experiments with long-range guided missiles. *World Report*, explaining that the purpose of experiments is to perfect projectiles capable of carrying atomic warheads "that can be delivered with deadly accuracy on targets of extremely long range,"



says that the "official position" is that the experiments are not an aggressive action.

Missing Persons

We hear practically nothing these days from the people who were so vocal last summer about how prices would come down once controls were removed.

May 1947

Our Own Webster— Personal Animosity Division

"We of the Catholic War Veterans have no personal animosity toward individual Communists," declared Max Sorenson, national commander of the CWV, and went on to demand that all Communists, including citizens, be deported forthwith. Since it is still a little difficult to deport people who were born here, Mr. Sorenson suggests setting up a "colony," presumably complete with barbed wire, somewhere for citizen-Communists.

Umtee-Dumtees

The War Department, using the subtlety of a broadaxe, has established an "experimental" camp for Universal Military Training, where a group of teen-age Army recruits is being used to "prove" that UMT would have only the vaguest resemblance to that nasty, horrid old Army. The camp, as reported soberly in the press, is complete with soda fountains, lounges, comfortable beds, "No Beer" signs, a music room with phonograph and a

library of classical records presided over by a special woman attendant, and a bevy of motherly Army officers hovering anxiously over their charges, anticipating every want, seeing that they've brushed their teeth, combed their hair, and washed behind the ears.



Among confidence men, this type of thing is called a "snow job," and to be effective must be done with finesse. The Umtees, who are reported to look rapturous but bewildered, are the victims of a less expert job than the War Department usually turns out. You're trying too hard, Mr. Patterson. *Nobody's* going to believe it'll be like that!

If the Shoe Fits . . .

"The Russian Government is experimenting to see whether (guided) missiles will travel 3,500 miles. These are not measures of peace, and we are justified in calling Russia an aggressor nation."

—American Legion Commander Paul H. Griffith,
March 15, 1947.

"The (American) Army, in a race to be first with an ocean-spanning guided missile, will devote this year to putting radio reins on the giant V-2 rocket."

Associated Press, Washington, D. C.,
Feb. 2, 1947.

Switzerland-Has-Conscription-and Democracy-at-the-Same-Time Note

Pierre Ceresole, FOR member and founder of the International Voluntary Service for Peace, was imprisoned by Switzerland twelve times for refusing to take military service.

Straws in a Foolish Wind

It is not true, as some carping critics have charged, that Americans will get nothing but trouble out of the proposed aid to Greece. Already a street in Athens has been renamed Truman Street.

Rumors continue to circulate that the United States is negotiating the purchase of Greenland from Denmark. A Copenhagen newspaper, reporting on the matter, said that the Americans were "not frightened" at the one-billion-dollar price tag. We announce herewith an early organization meeting for the League of Americans Who Are Frightened Not Only at the Price, But Also at the Purpose, Which Is One More Warlike Move Aimed at Russia.

* * *

Secretary of State Marshall points out that every American soldier in Japan costs American taxpayers \$1,000 a month. Chickenfeed, General!

* * *

Conservative Douglas Marshall reminded Britain's House of Commons the other day that "for 200 years the German race had committed depredations on peace-loving nations of the world." To which Laborite Stokes replied: "We haven't done so badly ourselves."

* * *

In another hundred years civilization will have reached all peoples except those who have no resources worth stealing.—*Arcadia News-Leader*.

* * *

Slipped into the budget presented to Congress by the President was an item of \$10,250,000 under the label "Interim Universal Training Operation."

* * *

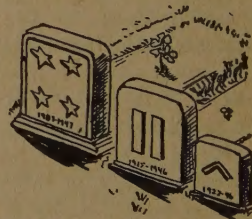
The "education" budget of the National Association of Manufacturers for 1947 is \$4,700,000.

* * *

Winston Churchill recently charged the British Labor Government with having adopted completely one of Mohandas K. Gandhi's "most scatterbrained observations"—"Leave India in God's hands." This, in modern parlance, observed Mr. Churchill, means "leave her to anarchy."

* * *

The size of monuments for Army personnel buried in Arlington National Cemetery is fixed according to the individual's rank, as prescribed by the Office of the Quartermaster General.



* * *

A member of the British House of Lords is irked because about \$190,000 of the American loan to Britain has been spent on chewing gum.

* * *

A Veterans Administration official has estimated the cost of treating syphilis among veterans of World War II during the next 25 years as \$328,000,000.

* * *

The end of pacifism's "noble experiment"—CPS—came quietly as the patient, weakened by the many severe attacks it had suffered during the past six years, breathed its last at midnight, March 31. Observers reported only one mourner: an unidentified man in the uniform of a major-general.

* * *

Letters to Congress commenting on proposals to liberalize immigration restrictions in order to admit displaced persons have run 7 to 1 in opposition.

Jim Crow and the White Press

By EARL CONRAD*

HAVING WORKED FOR SEVERAL metropolitan New York newspapers and one major news service, I know what editorial attitudes toward the Negro can be, and are. I well recall a remark made to me years ago when I was working on the night shift of one of these papers as a rewrite man. The editor, to while away early morning hours, habitually regaled me with the "do's" and "don'ts" which governed his policy. "We don't like so-and-so," he would say, "so never give him a headline break"; or, "Play up such-and-such whenever you get the chance; we're making it a national issue." And then, "When you get an assault case out of Harlem, be sure to use 'mugger' in the lead."

Use "mugger" in the lead!

And here were other front office directives: Whenever a Negro is arrested use the word "Negro" after his name; when Negro organization press releases arrive in the mails throw them in the wastebasket; when Negro delegations accompanied by white friends come to the office to protest anti-Negro policies, humor them along, perhaps moderate the policy for a few weeks, but then revert to it; when news gets scarce work up a crime wave, run an editorial demanding that the police go to work, and see that they're sent to Harlem and the Bedford-Stuyvesant (Negro) area of Brooklyn; bury the news of Fair Employment Practices Committee action the best way you can; play down Negro achievement; bury interracial improvement efforts on the inside pages or don't use them at all.

With this "keep the Negro in his place" attitude as the perennial policy, when a political demonstration breaks out in Harlem, as it does every few years, the rewriter automatically knows enough to start his story as this recent riot story was opened in a New York daily: "The most vicious riot in the history of Harlem occurred last night and was continuing today . . ."

Negro Seen as Criminal

That is a blueprint of the policy applied by most New York City papers. The Negro is viewed almost without exception as a criminal element, as outside the pale of white, New York civilization. The Negro is a potential bandit. He must be treated as such: he must be singled out, guarded against, often attacked, sometimes ignored, but always segregated and isolated.

Let me reformulate this seemingly incredible statement on the political level: The principle that the Negro mass of the metropolitan area is *essentially a criminal element* is as organic a policy of most big-circulation papers in Manhattan as force to maintain segregation laws is a principle in the Southland.

The irony of this imagery of crime is that metropolitan journalism is the real perpetrator of crime, the political-philosophic crime of pressing caste con-

sciousness into the thinking and living of the New York citizenry. Having been an intimate witness to this policy, I know how blunt and unashamed it is. The "crime wave" directed at the Negro residential neighborhood is the most conscious crime of commission of the great dailies against the Negro. The other approach, that of ignoring Negro news, or angling it poorly, or burying it—the crime of omission—is equally significant. The fact that some few papers print news of discrimination incidents almost every day is the best evidence that the majority are following a "silent treatment" policy. Why do most newspapers handle the Negro the way they do?

Prejudice Against Abused

I shall quote what Professor Albert Einstein said to me; I think he held the seed of it in his hand: "What is important is that there is a prejudice against people who have been misused and abused. The Negroes were brought here by greediness. And people see in them the wrong they have done to them. There is a general trend in human nature: that people hate most those to whom they have done wrong."

Let us see how the pattern works out. The notion that a "mugging" is exclusively a Negro-committed crime has been evolved especially by the Manhattan daily press. It has been developed by a few dozen managing and city editors and a few dozen police reporters who have substituted prejudices for ideas and projected angles instead of facts. Actually a mugging, as any policeman can tell you, is a special type of assault in which the victim is attacked from behind. The mugger grips his prey around the neck while, usually, an accomplice rifles the pockets. The crime has neither color nor group origin, nor is it the resort of one color more than another. There are white and black pickpockets and white and black muggers. But the press has managed, by constantly associating the term "mugger" with Harlem or with individuals specified as Negro, to whip up the notion that only Negroes engage in the tactic. This has helped foster the impression that mugging, and indeed crime, is peculiarly, or especially, a Negro characteristic. It has been built up with the same efficiency and with the same effect as the "Negroes are rapists" idea. As the rapist theme flourishes chiefly in the South, so the mugging theme has widest popularity in New York. My point in describing this is to illustrate how prejudice is fostered, how metropolitan journalism works with the racist schools of political thought.

The technique of building up a "crime wave" is a very simple one. Each night of the year scores of routine petty crimes occur in every neighborhood of the city. They are reported to local police stations and relayed to the central police office where they can be examined by police reporters. Now any time a newspaper wants to create a minor crime wave (or a major one), it has only to list all these arrests in one "roundup" story; in print, it looks like plenty of crime, and it can seem like more crime than usual if the story says it is. As a

* Earl Conrad writes as the only white man employed as bureau manager and columnist for the Negro press. He is running the New York office of the *Chicago Defender*. This article was reprinted by permission from his book, *Jim Crow America*. Duell, Sloan and Pearce, 1947. 237 pp. \$3.00.

matter of fact, there is almost a murder a day in New York. Police reporters usually don't bother with them, or perhaps give them only a paragraph or two of mention. They are known as "cheap murders" because they usually occur in the poor neighborhoods where tensions and insecurity levels are high. But during a "crime wave" the "cheap murders" have their hour and get a pretty good play.

After the 1945 campaign in New York when William O'Dwyer was elected mayor, there was a temporary let-down in news developments on the European and national scenes. A "crime wave" suddenly began. It started in the offices of one newspaper, it spread to the offices of another, within one or two more editions all New York daily newspapers were infected with it except the *Post*, *PM*, and the *Daily Worker*. But *PM* started an exposure, and civic groups went into action demanding to be shown where there was any more crime than usual and how Negroes were any more involved than others.

During this crime wave the newspapers were featuring those roundup stories previously described. The *New York Times* even put one of its best men, Meyer Berger, on the drive, and Berger let the cat out of the bag when he happened to mention that the chief concern of police was in Harlem where they were looking for "so-called muggers."

One other thing had happened to make this crime wave important. A new police commissioner, Arthur Wallander, had come into office, and apparently the big journals felt it important to win him to their anti-Harlem, anti-Negro position at once. They combined the crime wave stories with editorials demanding action; Wallander instantly responded, and ordered special squads into the Negro neighborhoods.

Terrorize Negroes

In campaigns of this sort scores of Negroes are rounded up, only to be released a few hours after their arrest. Harlem becomes terrorized, and in white sectors of the community the people freeze up toward every Negro they see on the street, in a bus, in the subway. The police and the press succeed in creating a riotous atmosphere wherein Negroes, in elementary self-defense, are prepared to resist if attacked.

When I telephoned the executive editor of an afternoon paper, he defended the anti-Negro policy of that paper very openly, disdained even to deny bias, and, for example, made the comment, "What do you want us to do when they go around raping white women?"

"What rapes?" I asked.

He asked if I didn't know that a Negro had raped a white woman in a certain part of the town. I didn't know about it, but I asked whether, even if it were true, a concentration of a hundred police should be sent to Harlem.

Undisturbed when I pointed out that Albert Deutsch in *PM* had exposed the complete corruption of this particular crime wave, the editor said, "We are not interested in a racial circulation. *PM* is interested in a racial circulation."

We discussed the paper's policy of identifying Negroes where crime stories were involved. This policy, too, which is pursued day after day in the New York press, is also a preparatory educational process to the occasional crime wave. The only thing he would admit was

that the term "mugger" had grown to have a strictly Harlem and Negro connotation, and he said, "We're trying to get our reporters away from that."

He stuck to his general position, swore the crime wave was true, but became irritated when I gave him an explanation, as an ex-police reporter and rewrite-man, of how his staff had built up the pseudo crime wave. A couple of days later crime went off the front page of this paper, as well as the others. *But the city-wide crime rate continued to be about the same as it had been during the scare.*

Employment Policy Is Test

The final test of the democracy of any newspaper institution is not in the lip service which such a journal may pay the issue of justice for the Negro or any oppressed group, but in the employment policy which it follows. If a newspaper or any other organization insists that it is unbiased, one can usually check the truth of this by finding out whether or not it has Negro employees. This is particularly so among newspapers because there are hundreds of trained people now working on Negro weeklies, many of whom are perfectly capable of handling the editorial tasks of white-managed newspapers. I know this because, having worked with both, I have found that the techniques are the same. Copyreading, newswriting, even selling a newspaper, are similar for Negro and white journalism. In this test of democracy, the great dailies of big, liberal New York fail. In 1946 there were no more than a half-dozen Negro reporters working on the dailies of all the New York boroughs. These papers, with a single editorial employee, operate with the proud slogan: "We are unprejudiced; we employ a Negro." In a way, even the employment of one is a beginning, but a beginning based usually on not employing others. It is a covering action, a face-saver, and an admission of an erring policy.

Call it suppression, or censorship, or indifference, or neglect, or plain dumb ignorance, and I believe it is a little of each of these, the point is: the great non-military civil war in our own midst goes almost wholly unreported by the white press. Not even George Seldes' alert little "conscience of the press," *In Fact*, has yet developed initiative enough to examine the weekly Negro press and to report what the white press won't print. In fear and trembling the press looks to its duties with too little too late, just as the public officials, the legislators, the school boards, and the major political parties have come through too late with the same too little.

In fact, journalism in New York, and in the large centers of the North, and in a great majority of Southern centers may be considered the last strong bulwark of the caste system itself, short of the Southern officialdom and its copperhead allies in the federal and Northern state governments.

The daily newspaper is one of the greatest instruments for making up the people's mind. The press, if it took up the Negro issue properly, could help alter the practice of the nation. But the American Newspaper Publishers Association has seen fit, in the main, to perform oppositely. It is either actively anti-Negro or it is silent. Either course is an attack on one-tenth of the nation. It is also, in the long run, an attack on the other nine-tenths.

Politics and Passivism

By FELIX GREENE*

ALMOST DAILY WE PACIFISTS receive appeals to undertake this action or that against some legislative proposal or act of the government: against the conscription bill, against the high expenditure on armaments, against the continued imprisonment of COs, and so forth. It is time for me to "stand up and be counted." I have sent no wires to my Congressmen, I have written no letters to the President, I have not torn up my registration card, I have taken part in no demonstration. Why? Because I believe these suggestions spring from an erroneous understanding of what pacifism is, and because I believe that actions of this kind cannot, by their very nature, bring about the changes in our human situation which they are intended to bring about.

Two wars have shown this generation the extent to which a movement of the spirit can be severed from its own roots. With a sense of inner anguish we heard the highest leaders of the Christian faith give their moral approval to such acts as the saturation-bombing of civilian populations, starvation blockades, and the use of every conceivable device of violence. It is to miss the whole meaning of this situation to think that these religious leaders and those who followed them acted with dishonorable motives. The whole heart of this tremendous tragedy lies in the fact that they acted, not with ignoble, but with the highest motives of which they were capable. The failure was not one of *intent*, but of *insight*. And one is bound to ask: Why did it happen?

One reason was that they were not *free*. They were, like so many of us, unable to understand themselves. For a long period of time, and often by imperceptible degrees, organized Christianity had been moving into an ever deeper ambiguity, until, when a crisis came, its members no longer were able to perceive, far less to extricate themselves from, their own false position. The cause and consequence lay in the failure to recognize that the *relatively good* can never be defended by means which are *intrinsically false*. It is only those who are inwardly awake and vigilant who will discern that first, fatal movement of the mind toward the false defense.

"Weak, Anemic . . . a Little Frightened"

Organized pacifism today is in a similar danger of losing touch with its own essential character, and it will, if it is unable to perceive the danger, also forfeit its freedom. The pacifist fellowship is no longer a buoyant movement of the spirit. For all its utterances and warnings and public defiances, the note it sounds is weak and anemic—or is it, perhaps, a little frightened? Whatever the reason, it seems to have lost that incurable *optimism* shown by those who know their faith is rooted in truth itself and against which no principalities and powers

can possibly in the end prevail. It has lost its native habit of magnanimity: that largeness of heart that forever views those who oppose its principles in the light of understanding and not contempt; that sees with compassion how their pitiful little fears close for them the door to this larger life we know of and to which, with tender longing, we wish to lead them. We contend, and contention makes no allowances; we forget that every great movement of the spirit has appeared visionary and impractical to the sensible men who conduct the affairs of the world.

Political Action Not Pacifism

We have fallen, it seems to me, into the almost universal error of our generation of seeing all things in the light of politics, and it has degraded and limited our capacity for thought. The principle of pacifism, said Emerson, "is not to be carried by public opinion, but by private opinion, by private, dear and earnest love." But today we think almost exclusively in terms of size and numbers and "movements." We are deeply conditioned to the assumption that to alter the course of human life we must be big and have a large following and the power to exert influence upon our political representatives. We have lost sight of the fact that social reform, if it is to be achieved by political expedients, cannot be dissociated from that *struggle for power* which is inherent in a system of government such as ours. This struggle for power, the collective greed and fear which give it birth, and the wars which are its inevitable fruit, are phases of a single process. In so far as this system exists, war exists, either manifestly or latently; in so far as we attempt to make adjustments within it, we are attempting to make adjustments within a conflict system. It is visionary thinking to suppose that out of a system of power-dominated politics anything but conflict can arise. The system is conflict.

"If you use the same weapons as your enemy, you will become like him." We have been repeating this dictum for years, and the world is everywhere showing us its truth. It is when the values threatened are particularly precious to us (unless we are inwardly wide awake) that we snatch the wrong weapon. It was when Christianity believed itself in peril that Christianity took to the sword. It is pacifism with its back to the wall which today has taken up *politics*; and if it continues to lay its faith there, it will assuredly perish by it.

Pacifists are failing to recognize that political action in a system of machine-dominated power politics is out of harmony with the inherent character of passivism itself. We are losing the touch of love, which in the end is our only weapon. Our public statements, the general tenor of our journals, the tone of voice of our conversations, are more suitable to cynics than to the lovers of all mankind. Our example does not persuade, it does not

* FOR member formerly with the British Broadcasting Company and an associate of Gerald Herd at Trabuco College.

lift the heart. Our lives do not move the minds of others to inquire what principles are guiding us. We fling our array of protests and "unanswerable" facts before men whose hearts are closed, because we have not opened them.

So now we find ourselves using the methods necessary to political expediency: pressure groups, political coercion, public refutations, publicity stunts, the sorry and suspect opportunisms that have grown up in a system of machine-controlled politics which lives—dear God!—under the name of democracy. With a sense of helpless inevitability, we now find ourselves using the very weapons—though far less skillfully—of those who oppose us. "He who uses the weapons of his enemy, will become like him."

The Consequences of Opposition

We have for so long considered it among our highest duties to oppose what we consider false, that we have rarely paused to study the consequences of our opposition. The inveterate habit of dividing all issues into opposites and identifying ourselves with one or other of them cramps our outlook and stultifies all creative action. It tends irresistibly to lead us into a search for a solution *within the terms of the conflict itself*—and never, under any possible circumstances, can a solution be found there. The solution of the conflict between capitalism and communism cannot be found within either communism or capitalism; the solution of the conflict between those who want to reduce armaments and those who don't, can never be found at that level of thought; the solution of the problem of conscription can never be found either in the "support" of conscription or in the "opposition" to it. Whenever there is a conflict of opposites the solution lies in neither of them, but is to be found altogether outside the terms of the conflict itself. The task of pacifism is to provide insight into our human problems of a quality higher than that offered by the contending political forces; to lift the issues into an altogether different climate of thought in which differences are reconciled and in which "all things become possible."

"What . . . ?" (I can already hear the familiar rise of inflection) "you would do nothing about the conscription bill—let those fellows in Washington get away with it?" (How brave we were when Hitler was the danger!) "Do you mean you wouldn't do anything to stop them? Do you seriously mean that you wouldn't do anything to stop them? Do you seriously mean that you wouldn't resist the evil of conscription, the evil of armaments?" Yes; I mean precisely that. I did not resist, these past six years, the evil of German militarism or Japanese militarism; I see no reason to resist the militarism in my own country. It is the same militarism and its geography is immaterial. I will not support it, nor will I resist it. And if you require an authority for such a view other than the spontaneous movement of your own heart and mind, you need not search the unfamiliar philosophies of the East but look once more to the founder of the Christian pacifist faith. "*Resist not evil*"—the words are as clear as any Jesus uttered.

There will always be those who will cling to the dream that by adjustments within our political system an answer to our problems will be found. But let us to our more serious business. We see clearly enough the general trend in our nation and in the world, but let

us not be fearful. We see military men placed in high control of our civilian affairs, but they can never really harm us. They can coerce our bodies and our circumstances, but our state of mind is always our own if we choose it to be so; *that* they cannot touch and that is all that really matters. Did Jesus show any particular concern about the military occupation of his own country? Did he support the resistance movements, the protests to Rome, the political demonstrations? As inconceivable as to think of him in uniform! True, he was concerned with freedom, but freedom of a very different order. He was the leader of a liberation movement, but it was for the liberation of the heart and spirit, not from political domination. With that he had simply nothing to do. Let us leave the contending forces and take no part in the sad and silly business of politics; let us recognize that a political "solution" to *any* problem invariably contains within it the seeds of further conflict. To the extent that we contrive to find an outward answer to problems whose cause is within, the human mind will always reach an impasse. The reform I look for is not to be found in Washington, but much, much nearer home.

Rivers of Living Water

By PHILIPPE VERNIER*

Translated by Edith Lovejoy Pierce

John 7: 38

JESUS SAID: "He who believes in me, out of his heart shall flow rivers of living water." The life of the disciple will thus be the point of contact for the power of his Master, which power is spread abroad in the world like a sheet of subterranean water ready to issue forth. You are the channel by which a little of this life-giving water reaches the soil.

Refuse at all costs to be a stagnant stream: a mere pool artificially fed, and that quickly turns sour or dries up.

Neither be an intermittent fountain, whose channel is so twisted and complicated that each time it has to spurt abruptly before flowing. What good will it do the traveler if you are a source that happens to be empty when he passes by?

Do not be satisfied with being a niggardly and timid stream, allowing only a narrow thread of water to trickle through, and which a pebble dislodged by the hoof of an ox is enough to choke.

The water must flow through you fully and freely: for this, your contact with the subterranean lake must be direct and wide. Watch over the channel so that no accident can clog it and no enemy stop it up.

Every day you must clean out your channel, dig deeper, widen the passage, and you will see the living water rise up in you ever more abundantly, like a river that no obstacle can henceforth dam.

* Philippe Vernier is the author of the book of meditations, *With the Master*. "Rivers of Living Water" will appear in a second book of meditations, to be published this fall.

Reminiscences

By WILLIAM E. STAFFORD*

Duet for Cello and Flute

*Along my river frogs like thought
plop into depths before my foot.*

*Lift of the wind will drop a crumb—
a fragment of my gleaming home.*

*Put on like shoes, my face will have
delight, for each day's epitaph.*

*And I will raise my head and care:
Oh orphan world, I love you dear.*

Cello

THERE WAS AT OUR CAMP a man named Thorman—Abraham Thorman. He installed his wife, Jessie, and their baby daughter three miles from camp in Rich Bar, a cluster of ramshackle houses lost away down there in the breaks of the Feather River Canyon.

The Thormans were workers for social justice, the simple life, economic reform, and for tomorrow. Abe was just under six feet tall, with bushy hair touched with gray, and with a rapt, serious, intent face, a definite nose, broad brow, and resolute jaw. For a while he had taught in a progressive, left-wing school in New York to show that progressive schools could be run economically enough for a city school system. He and Jessie, who was Danish and blonde and quiet-voiced, with an accent, had worked before the war at Farmersville in one of those down-to-earth projects with California migrants.

The only other residents at the ghost town of Rich Bar were another CO, Dan James, his wife Mary, and their three small children. The Thormans and the Jameses had fixed up two old houses, planted small gardens in the rubbly soil, and settled down to live as well as they could under the no-pay conditions of CPS. The husbands, subject to Selective Service rules, got home only two or three times a week. They had been in CPS almost four years.

One afternoon when many of us were taking "re-cuperation time" from a big fire, the camp director and his wife took George and me down to Rich Bar. You go down a steep road from the highway and cross a narrow bridge, and there among the apple trees, below the steep bank, are the houses—all but two of them empty and falling down. The ground is rough, with straggly brown grass. Mountains shoulder in all around. Now and then a train clanks and puffs by on the track fifty yards above the houses, while the river, equidistant below, loudly hurries along over the rocks.

When we arrived Abe was building a little platform from scrap lumber for the baby to crawl around on, as suggested in a book on baby care. Abe was shirtless, wearing overall pants; the baby, hardly able to walk, looked on. Jessie came out to greet us. She displayed the baby proudly, subsiding into Danish endearments whenever the baby turned toward her.

* FOR member and ex-CPS man. These impressionistic sketches will be included in Mr. Stafford's book, *Down in My Heart* ("I've got that opposition to conscription"), to be published by the Brethren Publishing House.

We all went next-door, to the Jameses.' Dan was tall and lean, with the kind of rapt look Abe had, and with a direct intensity like a prophet of old. He was always—at camp or at Rich Bar—immersed in his magazines and his articles and other work related to world government, which had been for years his dream. Mary James shared Dan's enthusiasms. She spoke rapidly, but with a Southern softness on the corners of her words. She was wearing faded slacks and a plaid shirt, with a silver-shell Indian belt.

We all went inside, the director eager as usual to see how COs were solving the problems of living during the days of CPS. The children—girls of four and six and a boy about nine—showed us their room, a place that had at one time been the town post-office; the mail compartments were still there, and made a good place for the children to play. On the wall in the front room—a place piled with books, magazines, and various household effects, as if all had been unloaded from a van—were two pictures, finger-paintings by the older girl. One picture was of a vivid fire, a tree, and a human figure either awkwardly or pitifully bent over, lifting something.

We looked at the garden and talked. A deer had eaten some of the crops. There was a dog, a stray, that the children had adopted. We all went down to the river pool for a swim, wearing some old cut-off pants. The children found a snake, and—to the pride of their mother—carefully identified it as harmless and then proceeded unperturbed.

Later we ate, outdoors, between the two houses, using food and utensils from both. We talked long, while the children played in a hammock near the tables. It was a clear, still day high up there in the mountains, warm and bright.

Dan and Abe and their wives talked about what they might do the next winter, whether their savings would enable the families to live near the camp. They were ready for anything, but said that they would like to stay on and build up their little craft colony. Crafts appeared to be their only opportunity to make an income and be together at the same time; Abe would continue with his writing—stories for children, stories that humanized cooperatives, migrants, and foreigners. We said little of the world down below: of the progress of the war, of the prospects of living elsewhere, either during or after the war. Living in CPS had become our custom; we considered other possibilities at times, but no longer with any serious intent.

Just before the sun set behind Red Mountain the James boy brought out a silver flute of his own and a cello of his father's. Mary James went after some music books, and then we sat on the Jameses' front steps and listened to duets, with Mary sometimes singing. They played folk music of Europe and of our own backwoods. There were some regular flute and cello selections, but most were arrangements of things like "Lord Randall."

During the little concert a railroad man walked by above us on the track, and stared in amazement at the tableau in the wilderness.

While it was still light, the flutist put the flute and the cello away, and we visitors from camp bade the Jameses and the Thormans good-bye. The director and his wife drove to camp, but George and I walked down the trail to the narrow bridge and then up to the highway on the other side.

From the highway you couldn't see the real part of Rich Bar. Travelers couldn't see the homes where the Jameses and the Thormans lived; and of course the noise of the trains and the river would cut off the evening sound of the cello and flute.

Flute

Something about walking down along the river toward camp that night after visiting Rich Bar reminded me of the time in my home town when a wanderer molded in the big sandbar of the Arkansas River a sand statue of Christ on the cross. No one knew exactly who had done it, but the curious came from all over town, in the evening, to look. I remember when our family went down, and other families were there. Kids from our school were there, our friends, ones who sat beside us and traced pictures like the one of the big Indian chief on the front of the nickel tablet. And the people walked around and spoke quietly to one another and looked at the big statue lying on the sand; and they looked up and down the river and asked about the person who had come into town from somewhere and had then gone away.

The time at Rich Bar was like that—the kids, the families, and—this time—the flute and the cello while people looked up and down, and, on the way home, evening on the river.

And at camp that night we heard on the radio that we had dropped a new kind of deadly bomb on a city of Japanese people.

The End of the War

*All violent like the knife that drove
the pity-begging life out through the eyes,
and wilted the choked voice in little cries
that bubbled and blinked out along the floor.*

*All hungry like the outlaw stare that tore
the North and reeled the rivers in along the spool
that never could unwind them any more
to wander cool
but stretched them taut to all that's far away.*

*All lost by dusty roads, all fled with love,
all hid along with play:
all hurt by what we lost who conquered in the war
—so violent, so lost, so far away.*

AT FOUR IN THE AFTERNOON Del, George, and I were standing on a corner when we heard someone a block or so away let out a scream; then someone else screamed; then from all around us came screams, and horns blowing. We stood there and looked at each other and nodded.

We had wondered all day whether the news would come. Furlough, a dentist appointment, and camp business had combined to allow five of us to ride the camp truck to town that day—The Day.

Almost instantly wastepaper began to fly from every window of every building. The paper drifted down,

turning over and over—pieces of every size and shape and color, and long unrolled strips of ticker tape, and slender twisting vivid streamers of serpentine, writhing gracefully down through the high air above the gray stolid block of the post-office. We still didn't move.

The amount of paper soon reached a kind of saturation point, and thereafter remained constant, like a flocculent precipitate continuously stirred. The horns and yells arrived too at a more or less fixed pitch and volume, though near at hand the intermittent crescendo of cars driving past changed constantly.

Crowds hurried past on the sidewalks, smiling, crying, being jocular, speaking to strangers, speaking to the world at large. And we stood there, from the mountains, from exile, and merely looked on.

"Why don't we feel like doing something?" I asked finally. "Aren't we glad the shooting's over?"

"Yes, of course we're glad," Del said, "glad to know that it's over—or soon will be. We don't know that it's true." He paused for a while. "Everyone can get back home," he said, looking at George and then at me.

"But how long will it be before all the soldiers still alive can come back?" George reminded us. "Before there's no more fighting anywhere, no more intimidation of people in their own homes by strange uncomprehending men in foreign uniforms with foreign speech and foreign money?"

"Anyway—" Del began.

But George went on: "No more forcing of unwilling boys far from home to remain in their barracks among the glares of the citizens, to defend institutions they hate against people they love, to stand guard over men who are where they belong, doing the jobs they need to do, trying to build a way of life for themselves?"

"Isn't it, after all," Del contended, "worth cheering about—that the shooting is over?"

George shrugged and looked at the cars going by. "How can we join in the celebration of the atom bomb?"

We fell silent again, and then walked along the streets, following the crowds. The noise and the paper continued in volume, and the sidewalks became more and more crowded. We drew off by ourselves to a place on the post-office lawn, where we stood and watched the winners of the war. It was their war, and they had won it.

"Look at them," George said. "The war goes on every day. They fight it when the shooting begins, but we've got to fight it when the good can be done. During a war is a time of rest for a pacifist; the war itself is an incident, a lost battle in itself; it is just a part of those cheatings, bluffings, maneuverings, which we have got to stay out of all the time. We've got to stay out to be consistent—no nationally advertised brands for us—of toothpaste, or soap, or salvation.

"Any one of those sounding a horn now could go and sacrifice his life tomorrow for some good cause—not a cause assigned to him, but one he chooses. Do you think he'll do it? No, he'll wait till it comes to shooting again—"

His talk was hard on the celebrators around us. I remember getting a picture of them as he talked along: lacking independence, unthinking—the less hurried embezzlers, the adulterers without resolve, the rich procurers at their clubs, the more trusted thieves on the boulevard, the more acceptable murderers in their trim coats.

George said: "And we are like everyone else—only we want a medal for not taking medals. We are glad the war is over, so we can relax—"

While we talked the crowds began to force cars off the streets. People filled the street, walking up and down, singing, carrying on with ridiculous antics, having fun. There wasn't any destructiveness or rowdyism. Tipsy sailors helped policemen wave automobiles on to side streets down at the corner beyond the theater. Many people just sat on the curbs, watching the crowds. Everyone had come to see what someone else would do.

At one place there a big crowd spilled out over part of the street. At the center a few were apparently taking the initiative with songs—the sentimentally nostalgic songs of World War I, like "Till We Meet Again," "Tipperary," and "A Long, Long Trail." The whole group joined in, singing various parts, in pretty good harmony. It all had the pleasantly unsophisticated quality of neighborhood sings in little parks, the unaffected, unstriving simplicity of people willing to enjoy themselves without benefit of front; the pathos of trying to recapture the beauty of days forever gone.

"The pity of it!" George said, "finding only such rare occasions (to have to wait for there to be a war, and for its end!) for them to relax their fears enough to admit in public that they are enjoying themselves, to smile at strangers, to feel justified in having the actual freedom of a street-width in which to walk, rather than the narrow, crowded sidewalks."

I felt then, while listening to George, how good it would be—he made me see it—if that stretch of street could remain forever closed to automobiles, if for six blocks of a city's shopping center people could again have spaciousness. If they could sometimes get that feeling we often got on the truck, rolling along through the open country, gesturing broadly around at the mountains and the tall trees, knowing that we could relax with friends and confess our doubts, fears, ambitions, and confusions—and that just over the hill was the back country, or rebellion, or any other adventure endless with possibility and serenity.

But now we were standing as aliens among celebrators of a war they had won, and George was saying: "In the Army the best men think they should be in the Army, but in CPS the best men know they should be somewhere else—somewhere doing something more important than Forest Service work, at a time like this. What can we say, when, like in the cartoon, our children say, 'Daddy, what did you do to win the peace?'"

Now it was all going to be over, the National Emergency at an end. But for six—or who knew how many?—months more we were to continue in a curious undefinable status, continue the carefully segregated work "of national importance," when each of us could see things that we, at least, felt to be of much greater importance to society and to ourselves.

"I feel like an anachronism already," Del said. "We look like civilians, in this world so carefully divided between civilians and uniforms, but we are not actually free to act like civilians. Everyone is sort of displaced, accepting the situation—at least we did during the war; but now—what are we, anyway?"

We watched the celebration till dark; and then, asking ourselves Del's question, we waded through the confetti back to the camp truck, and left the celebrating city to go back to our island of a camp—more foreigners than ever.

Dirge of the Tabernacles

WALLACE HAMILTON

THE LEGEND OF THE WAR stiffens into symbols—the dome of St. Paul's by blitzfire, a netted helmet, a mushroom cloud, a swastika broken, a shattered sun. All a system of hieroglyphics to write World War II. The war of noise. The war of cause. Sharp, and neatly symbolized.

The hieroglyphics write the war's history—moving flashes on the periphery. But the war had also vortex, where the causes converged to a point of neutrality, where the noise gathered to a point of stillness. Timeless, placeless, the war's identity brooded on scattered tabernacles.

Barbed wire. Shacks in sterile rows. Endless rubble to be moved and moved again. Patterned, slouching action by day. Shrieks and mutters by night. Waiting. Suspension. Corrosion. Rot in the bone, in the mind. All the parts and causes and clashes beaten into a single filthy humanness in these tabernacles of the war's spirit.

The men in the tabernacles made a dirge of their own humanness, an awkward song with a heavy tramp.

*Far and wide as the eye can wander,
Heath and bog are everywhere.
Not a bird sings out to cheer us,
Oaks are standing gaunt and bare.*

*We are the peat-bog soldiers,
We're marching with our spades to the bog.*

Lied Der Moorsoldaten was born at Börgermoor concentration camp—northwest Germany—1933. It came to Spain in 1937 where the Stalinists tried to make it a battle hymn. They should have known better. The song shambled through Europe of the 1940's, even touched American CPS camps. By 1945 it was back near its birthplace. Three hundred miles from Börgermoor—as the bomber flies—is Berlin. There it rested over the rubble. The tabernacles were not camps any more, but whole cities. Perhaps by now it has moved eastward to still vaster sacred places.

The dirge is kind. It cannot offer a cause's salvation, but at least a human hope.

*But for us there is no complaining,
Winter will in time be past, . . .*

*Then will the peat-bog soldiers
March no more with their spades to the bog.*

A bright hope, surely, in this age of bright hopes. In the song's long life, there has always been someone else to pick up the spades where they were dropped, and march on.

On the Other Hand

COMMENT BY

A. J. MUSTE

Holy Week Meditation. It will be several weeks before these words reach the readers of FELLOWSHIP, but it is not likely that the circumstances to which they refer will have altered much in the interval. In Matthew's account of the Passion it is foretold that "because iniquity shall be multiplied, the love of the many shall wax cold." Hope and faith, too, wax cold in many.

It was also written in a dark time that "it shall come to pass in the latter days . . . that they shall beat their swords into ploughshares. . . . Nation shall not lift up sword against nation; neither shall they learn war any more."

In the introduction to *Basic Verities*, a collection of my beloved Charles Péguy's writings, Julian Green writes: "Charles Péguy never gave up the hope of a blessed revolution whereby all bad men would be turned into good men, and poverty would be honored, and peace prevail. These dreams may seem somewhat pathetic to us, in 1942, but we must not forget that man has always believed in them, that they are at the base of the teaching of the prophets, that they shine through the pages of the New Testament, and that when they seem very remote or even ridiculous, it merely means that our conscience is being obscured by some shocking crisis like the one we are going through now."

The Children of Darkness Know Better. The Reverend Paul Gliddon gives a new turn to the ends and means argument, in an article in the December, 1946, issue of *The Christian Pacifist*, organ of the British FOR. He has referred to our friends who believe that the end justifies the means and has asked the very pertinent question, But when is "the end"? The end is not "a point in time; not even a period of time; it is a time to which there is no period; it is a trackless area of consequence."

Later in this stimulating article he remarks: "It is surely strange that, if evil can be done that good may finally be established, no wicked man ever suggests that an effective way of establishing evil may be the deliberate employment of laudable methods."

He comes to the conclusion that the reason why children of the evil world do not try in reverse the technique so often practiced by martial Christians is that the former "are far wiser than the children of light. . . . They know full well that if an evil man plunged into a life of goodness with the same recklessness with which a fighting man acts as one possessed by the devil, then the last state of that man would be better than the first, and evil be all undone."

If Thine Enemy Hunger. . . . The January 1 issue of the *New York Times* carried a dispatch from Berlin under the heading "U. S., Britain Plan Vast German Aid." It is a beautiful illustration of how inescapable is the fact that we are all members of one household, that the neighbor is one's other self, and how inexorable is the

divine injunction, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

The United States and Great Britain are going to "prime the pump of German industry" by providing imports so that Germany may be able to export again. "A key factor in the program is the necessity of bringing into Germany huge quantities of what are described as 'disease and unrest imports' such as food, oil and fertilizer."

Under this plan "by 1950, \$2,952,000,000 will have been poured into German industry. . . . Since the profits from exports are immediately taken to pay for imports, the ultimate cost to the two powers at the end of that period is expected to be at least \$1,025,000,000."

Thus the U. S. and Britain are now paying reparations to the German people!

Scientific Footnote: Louis N. Ridenour, professor of Physics at the University of Pennsylvania, in the opening sentence of an article in the January issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*, provides another footnote on the erstwhile claim of the military that precision bombing was precise. The title of the article, by the way, is *Doves In the Detonator*, a fascinating account of the infinite pains to which men will go in the attempt to perfect instruments of destruction. The title refers to real doves!

The sentence to which we wish to call attention reads thus: "During the Second World War, a lot of people made the observation that aerial bombardment would be much more effective if the bombs could be made to hit the target."

We suspect that this sly remark is a device by which the professor is signalling to us that he is really on the side of the angels as against the military. Many of our readers will recall that he is the author of that exciting review of John Hersey's *Hiroshima* which appeared in the *Saturday Review of Literature* of November 2, 1946. There he said: "At last we come to what I think must be remembered by all who cringe while reading *Hiroshima*: The crime of war is war itself. . . . The tools of murder, their effectiveness and cost, are of no moral interest; they have meaning only to those whose business it is to organize murder to be cheap and simple."

Armor of My Patriotic Anger. In the little magazine, *Letter*, an American Red Cross Nurse in Berlin writes:

"Berlin is unbelievable. Last year when I wore the armor of my patriotic anger I did not suffer as I looked upon the sights of this total destruction. But this year the anger has cooled and I can scarcely bear the sights of this city. I think that if I have to see another old back loaded down with wood or household goods, or women pushing or hauling hand carts loaded with nondescript household furniture, and then have the cart break down, I shall not be able to stand it."

Alas, that so often men do not see before a war what is so clear when the scales have fallen from their eyes and "the armor of their patriotic anger" is undone at the sight of human suffering!

Not Of Timidity. I close this column as I began with a Scripture reference. The Smith-Goodspeed translation of 2 Timothy 2:7 reads: "The Spirit God has given us is a spirit not of timidity but of power, love, and self-discipline." It seems a safe inference that if we have another kind of spirit, the devil has got hold of us.

News from the Peace Front

"Truman Doctrine" Opposed By Church and Peace Groups

Opposition to the so-called "Truman doctrine" of extending \$400,000,000 of anti-Communist aid, much of it military, to Greece and Turkey, had developed unexpected strength as this issue of FELLOWSHIP went to press. The President's insistence that Congress adopt before March 31 the policy he proposed had failed to accomplish its purpose, and Congressional leaders were promising two weeks of public hearings after April 1.

Such influential groups as the Northern Baptist Council on Social Progress, the Methodist Peace Commission, the National Peace Conference, the American Veterans Committee, and the Executive Committee of the Socialist Party, registered early protests, and a number of well-known writers and public figures, including F. H. LaGuardia, Harold Ickes, and the *Nation* magazine, similarly took a stand in opposition. A. J. Muste, secretary of the FOR, prepared a statement on the issue that was circulated to the full membership of the Fellowship and to several thousands of other individuals. The Progressive Citizens of America also opposed the move, with former Vice-President Henry Wallace as its leading spokesman.

Observers pointed out and Administration spokesmen admitted, that the appropriations asked for would be only a "down payment" if the President's new version of American foreign policy were adopted. "Stopping Russia anywhere in the world," they asserted, would mean financial and military aid to Korea, Iran, China, and many other countries.

Most of those opposing the measure were outspoken in their agreement that aid for the relief of the hungry and homeless in all lands should be sent generously. They emphasized that little if any of the \$400,000,000 asked by the President would go for such purposes, however, and estimated that 62 per cent of the total amount would be spent on purely military uses.

Following a conference with representatives of Chicago roller-skating rinks, Ralph Metcalfe, director of Civil Rights on the Mayor's Commission on Human Relations, said that "skating rinks in Chicago are now open to all persons regardless of race or creed."

Paraders Protest Arms for Greece

Placards opposing military and political aspects of President Truman's program for Greece and Turkey joined new spring bonnets in the Easter Parade on New York's Fifth Ave. Some of the hats stopped traffic, some obstructed the view, but since none of them seemed organized or representative of a particular group, the police smiled benignly. Not so with placards defending the points of view of fifty FOR and WRL members who had also joined the Easter throngs.

Police objected to those attempting to walk on Fifth Avenue, and James Peck was stopped, thrown to the ground, and arrested. Later nine other poster walkers were arrested on charges of disorderly conduct, causing a crowd to collect, interfering with pedestrians, obstructing the sidewalk, and refusing to move when ordered to do so. They were Nathan Horwitz, Vivian and Igal Roodenko, Marion Coddington, Edwin McCracken, David Denoske, Andrew Osgyan, Bayard Rustin, and Morris Horowitz. The New York residents were released in the custody of A. J. Muste, while out-of-towners were released on \$25 bail each. The case was set for trial April 24.

Thirty other poster walkers continued on Madison Avenue, occasionally returning to Fifth Avenue, only to find police waiting for them. Nearly 7,000 flyers were distributed.

Forty of them carried placards while ten others handed out leaflets. Some of the slogans were "Fascism and Communism Feed on Hunger"; "Starvation Kills Democracy as well as People"; "Imperialism and Christianity Don't Mix"; "Millions for Relief, Not One Cent for Guns"; "Fascism and Communism Feed on War and Strife"; "No Military Intervention in Greece and Turkey"; "Would Jesus Send the Navy to the Dardanelles?"

A *New York Times* reporter watched the whole incident preceding the arrests, and a very sympathetic, eleven-inch story appeared in the April 7 *Times*. The *Daily News* carried several pictures, showing Jim Peck in the hands of policemen. Because so much of the picketing

British Laborites Revolt on Conscription

The British Labor Government found itself last month in the embarrassing position of pushing a measure with the wholehearted support of the Conservatives and sharp opposition from its own left wing. Demanding that Parliament pass its peacetime conscription bill with the contention that Britain "would not be able to play the role of a great imperial power if she relied upon volunteers alone," the Government was bolstered by Winston Churchill, who defied "the challenge of crypto-Communists and pacifists" in a display of the flamboyant rhetoric for which he is noted. Prime Minister Clement Attlee and Defense Minister A. V. Alexander, the prime movers behind the bill, both voted against conscription in Britain when it was adopted just before World War II.

The bill calls for continuation of the present draft from January 1, 1949 until January 1, 1954, with eighteen months of active service and five and a half years of part-time service for youths from 18 to 26. Since the Conservative Opposition is supporting it, there was no chance that it would be defeated; but having passed its second reading, the bill now goes into a committee stage of the whole House where the Government faces much more trouble with amendments and proposed changes.

Manifesting again the increasingly important split in the Labor Party which has made it seem that the Party's own left wing is the Opposition, while the Government in many instances (particularly in foreign policy) carried on the policies of the Conservative-dominated coalition government it succeeded, a vote to reject the bill for conscription was defeated by 386 to 85, with more than 70 members of the Labor Party voting against it. This is the biggest Labor revolt yet recorded against this government.

The AFSC will hold two international work camps this year as part of its summer project program. Planned for Finland and Italy, they will be in addition to peace caravans and work and study camps here and in Mexico. Details may be obtained from the AFSC, 20 South 12th St., Philadelphia 7, Pa.

centered around Fifth Avenue and 53rd Street, in front of St. Thomas' Church, the *News* reporter thought that the placard, "Would Jesus Send the Navy to the Dardanelles," was directed against St. Thomas'. However, he made it very clear that the poster walkers were against communism and atomic war.

Hoover Warns U. S. Must Feed Germany to Save Europe

"The continued and, in many areas, increasing gravity of conditions in Germany, reported in "These Are the Vanquished" in the March issue of FELLOWSHIP, was emphasized by the report of former President Herbert Hoover on his return from a survey made at the request of President Truman. Because the Hoover report did not appear in all newspapers, a summary of its findings follows:

¶ By December 1947, the combined British and American Zone will have to accommodate about 43 million people, 9 million more than in 1939. Over 6 million of the most vital and skilled workers are not available, either because of war deaths, permanent injuries, or detention as prisoners of war. As a result of these distortions in the population, there are about 6 to 7 million more women than men in age groups between 20 to 60.

¶ The housing situation is the worst that modern civilization has ever seen. About 25 per cent of urban housing was destroyed by the war, and there has been little repair of damaged houses because of the lack of materials and transportation. Multitudes are living in rubble and basements. Tuberculosis and other potentially communicable diseases have spread rapidly.

¶ Shortage of coal is, next to food, the most serious immediate bottleneck to both living and the revival of exports to pay for food. Because of a lack of skilled men and physical vitality in labor, the Ruhr, almost the sole coal supply of the zones, is producing only 230,000 tons per day, compared with a former 450,000. Western Europe's coal famine and the unprecedented severity of the winter have produced everywhere the most acute suffering.

¶ Because of a lack of fertilizers, good seed, farm implements, and skilled labor, the 1946 agricultural production in the American and British Zones was about 65 percent of prewar.

¶ Immediate relief through supplemental rations is proposed in a program to "repair the weakest spots in the nutritional situation"—the two groups which are "in deplorable condition." These include over half of the 6,595,000 children and adolescents, and a considerable part of the "normal consumer" group (light physical workers, largely women, many aged). Large numbers of both these groups are underweight, and thousands show signs of actual

starvation. An emergency supply of 65,000 tons of cereals is proposed, as well as the shipments of 400,000 tons of surplus potatoes from the U. S., and increased amounts of seed and fertilizer.

Mr. Hoover concludes: "Entirely aside from any humanitarian feelings for this mass of people, if we want peace, if we want to preserve the safety and health of our Army of Occupation; if we want to save the expense of even larger military forces to preserve order, if we want to reduce the size and expense of our Army of Occupation, I can see no other course but to meet the burdens I have here outlined.

"If Western Civilization is to survive in Europe, it must also survive in Germany. And it must be built into a cooperative member of that civilization. That indeed is the hope of any lasting peace."

Interracial Housing Planned in Denver

Members of the Denver FOR are making plans to buy land in order to build their own homes and live interracially as an example of brotherhood in practice. Six students from the Lisle Fellowship helped in the search for property. A number of suitable sites are available.

FOR members interviewed most of the thirty-eight persons who signed a petition to keep a Japanese-American family from moving into a Denver suburb where they had purchased a home. They found that a number had signed merely because they were asked, and about ten persons agreed to rescind their signatures. A detailed report given to the family's lawyer has lessened both the intensity of the legal action planned and the tension built up in some people's minds before they learned the facts on the case. The family has now moved into its home and no unpleasantness has taken place.

A FELLOWSHIP subscription to the Denver Public Library began in January.

FOR has just purchased two new machines which promise to speed up our production of leaflets and information material. One is a Davidson Duplicator, useful in making up to ten thousand copies of a single sheet of printed matter. The other is a folding machine, capable of one and two folds.

Plans for National FOR Conference

The meetings of the National FOR Conference will be held in Ohio during the last part of August. Final word has not yet been received, but all of the several places being considered will provide sleeping accommodations and bedding, as well as board.

A training period will precede the conference. Instead of the usual weekend meetings, the conference will last for five days. Those who register will be assigned to cell groups of twelve to fourteen each.

Seminar meetings are planned for the afternoons, giving each participant an opportunity to attend three. Topics will be: Disarmament, Russia, World Government, Economic Basis of Peace, Pacifism and the Home, Teaching Pacifism to Children, Publicity Techniques, Political Action, Work with Labor, Peace Work in Churches, Work with Racial Groups, Work with Rural Groups, Pacifism in Education.

Glendora CPS Men Get Suspended Sentences

After more than a year of delay, the District Court of Los Angeles on March 24 handed down sentences on twenty-two of the Glendora strikers. The cases of thirty-six other men involved in the strike action had been dismissed earlier, despite the men's determination to be tried as a group.

Behre and Atherton, considered ringleaders by the court, were sentenced to two years, and immediately paroled in the custody of their parents.

A few days later the other twenty men were sentenced to ten months on the first count, "Failure to work according to regulation"; and to one month on the second count, "Failure to report for recall on a specific day." The sentences were to run concurrently. However, the sentences were suspended in lieu of two years probation. Judge Cavanah presided. All the cases are being appealed.

Big Flats Appeal

The six work-strikers from the Big Flats, N. Y., CPS camp who were sentenced to eighteen months imprisonment each last August 24 for refusing to end their protest against continued peacetime conscription and slave labor have appealed their cases.

Jottings

Four students at Butler University, Indianapolis, maintained week-long starvation diets to arouse interest in the Disciples of Christ Week of Compassion for overseas relief. Seeing the small tin cans and cardboard boxes of food obtained from CARE, they agreed to eat only two meals a day. They lived on pork sausage, cereal, condensed milk and dry crackers while continuing their part-time jobs in the university cafeteria.

* * *

The seventh annual Eastern Cooperative Recreation School will be held on the campus of the State School of Agriculture, Randolph Center, Vt., August 10-24. The school is open to volunteer and professional community leaders who are seeking quality in recreational materials. Complete information can be obtained from Ruth Norris, ECL, 44 W. 143 St., New York 30, N. Y.

* * *

The first issue of *World*, an international monthly newspaper published by the William Penn Associates, including several ex-CPS men, appeared on March 1. Subscriptions are \$2.50 per year.

* * *

Denied permission to enter Russia to organize prayers for the success of the March international conferences, Rev. Frank C. Laubach conducted a daily broadcast of prayer beamed from the United States to Europe, Asia, Africa, and South America. He was backed by the Layman's Movement for a Christian World.

* * *

Leaders for the Interracial Workshop to be held in Washington, D. C., during July will be Frank R. Crosswaith, George L. P. Weaver, Charles Houston, Leon Ransom, Gloster Current, and B. F. McLaurin. FOR and CORE are co-sponsors of the workshop. For further information write to George Houser, 2929 Broadway, New York 25, N. Y.

* * *

As this issue of FELLOWSHIP went to press, the interracial group of FOR members planning to travel through the South this Spring left New York. They will speak before college, church and community groups. In traveling, they will not recognize Jim Crow laws or rulings. Reports will appear in the June issue.

Des Moines, Iowa, witnessed an anti-conscription poster-walk in March when sixty persons, including seven GIs and three college professors, carried signs through the city's busy streets. Arthur Emery, Jr., William Penn College, Oskaloosa, Iowa, was chairman of the Voluntary Action Committee Against Conscription, sponsor of the demonstration.

Signs read: "Conscription Means Militarism"; "Military Training Would Warp Young Minds"; and "Push Sen. Martin's Bill to End Conscription All Over the World."

* * *

The Citizens' Committee on Displaced Persons is working to secure passage of an emergency act by Congress to permit 400,000 D.P.'s, regardless of race or creed, to enter the U.S. under unused quotas. The act will not alter the basic quota law or admit more than half the number of quota immigrants who could have come in legally during the war years. The committee's emphasis on the fact that quotas will be rigorously kept raises the question: Why the reverence for quotas when we have so much more than our share of the world's hope and prosperity?

Emily Parker Simon represents the FOR in the work for DP's.

* * *

The Washington, D. C., Fellowship is joining labor, civic, and Negro groups in picketing the National Theatre to protest the exclusion of Negroes.

* * *

David Aylesworth, marine veteran, has written letters from the Steps of Justice in Washington, D. C., to the editors of various publications demanding amnesty for conscientious objectors. He concludes his letter, "I have, I am ashamed to say, destroyed during the war. Now let's help the COs build a creative peace—while there is yet time."

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Midwest: Emerson Schwenk, 740 Rush Street, Chicago 11, Ill.; Northwest: Mary Farquharson, 1406 East 40th Street, Seattle 5, Wash.; Northern California: Orval Etter, 2151 Vine Street, Berkeley 7, Cal.; Southwest: Glenn Smiley, 3302 S. Grand Ave., Los Angeles 7, Cal.

THE WINE OF VIOLENCE

An Anthology of
Anti-Semitism

by

NATHAN ZUCKERMAN

Sages and fools, saints and rascals have tasted the intoxicating and demoralizing drug of anti-Semitism. Countless words have been written upon the subject. Men of every age and tongue have documented their opinions on it, its causes, and the practical steps to be taken to resolve it. This volume, compiled by an attorney and social worker, is a study of the anatomy of anti-Semitism, revealing its structure and describing its functions. It portrays anti-Semitism as seen by both Jew and non-Jew, as recorded in books, magazines, pamphlets, speeches, and other writings. This is more than a valuable source book for teachers, ministers, speakers, librarians; it is a mine of hard-to-get-at facts and data for every person who prides himself on being informed on vital trends in public thinking and action.

At all bookstores, \$5.00

Association Press

The Peacemakers' Bookshelf

Pacifist Poet

The Portable Blake, with Introduction by Alfred Kazin. Viking Press, 713 pp. \$2.00.

William Blake, The Politics of Vision, by Mark Schorer. Henry Holt and Co., 524 pp. \$5.00.

The chief purpose of this review in *FELLOWSHIP* is to call the attention of pacifists to two aspects of Blake's writing far too little known and appreciated among us, namely, the searing condemnations of war scattered throughout both his prose and poetical writing, and his exposition of some of the profoundest elements of a religious pacifist philosophy of life.

Many are familiar with one of the stanzas in the lyric in "Songs of Experience" entitled "London" which describes modern urban life in the thrall of industrialism and rationalistic science:

In every cry of every Man,
In every Infants' cry of fear,
In every voice, in every ban,
The mind-forged manacles I hear.

Not so many recall the lines following:

And the hapless Soldier's sigh
Runs in the blood down Palace walls.

In another poem, "Auguries of Innocence," which begins with the often quoted lines "To see a world in a grain of sand . . . and Eternity in an hour" and which goes on to name various expressions of the insensitiveness which is the enemy of insight and joy, he speaks repeatedly of war:

The Strongest Poison ever known
Came from Caesar's Laurel Crown.
Nought can deform the Human Race
Like to the Armour's iron brace.

Pacifist View of Life

Blake's rejection of war is based on a positive view of life to which the description "religious pacifist" can be accurately applied. The person who knows himself as a divine person in the Blakean sense sees other human beings also not as abstractions or masses or things but as distinctive and infinitely precious beings, each of whom lives in his own unquestionable and eternal right. Thus Love is the only true form of the relationship between human beings, and Brotherhood the only true pattern of society. Evil is primarily self-centeredness, self-

righteousness and the sitting in judgment upon others. The only way to deal with evil is through the Forgiveness which is inspired by a Love which is unchangeable and infinite. The only true and fruitful warfare is not "corporeal" but the "mental fight" with the sword of the spirit which will result in building "Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land."

Great poetry is found in "The Little Black Boy" who sees the time when both he and the "little white boy" will be freed from all the prejudice resulting from lack of sensitive insight.

When I from black and he from
white cloud free,
And round the tent of God like
lambs we joy,
I'll shade him from the heat,
till he can bear
To lean in joy upon our father's
knee.

It is this poem which contains the lines which are surely among the greatest in all literature,

And we are put on earth a little
space
That we may learn to bear the
beams of love.

Theology Unorthodox

Though Blake's theology is hardly orthodox and Mr. Kazin suggests that what it comes down to is that "Jesus was above all a Blakean," we have encountered in our day a lot of theology much less Christian than Blake's. "There is not one moral virtue," writes Blake in the introduction to "The Everlasting Gospel," "that Jesus inculcated but Plato and Cicero did inculcate before him; what then did Christ inculcate? Forgiveness of Sins. This alone is the Gospel, and this is the Life and Immortality brought to light by Jesus."

The theme is a recurrent one: "The Religion of Jesus, Forgiveness of Sin, can never be the cause of a War or of a single Martyrdom. Those who martyr others or who cause War are Deists, but never can be Forgivers of Sin. The Glory of Christianity is to conquer by Forgiveness." And in "A Vision of the Last Judgment" the tremendous judgment upon the unforgiving spirit: "In Hell all is Self-Righteousness; there is no such thing there as Forgiveness of Sins; he who does Forgive Sin is crucified as an Abettor of Criminals . . . not through envy or Hatred or Malice, but through Self-Righteousness that thinks it does God service, which God is Satan."

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Longmans, Green & Co.
NEW YORK 3, N. Y.

The theme of redemption by suffering, necessarily basic in any such approach to life, finds profound expression, as in "Jerusalem," one of Blake's "prophetic" works:

Jesus said: Wouldest thou love one who never died for thee, ...
And if God dieth not for Man and giveth not himself
Eternally, for Man, Man could not exist; for man is Love
As God is Love; every Kindness to another is a little Death
In the Divine Image, nor can man exist except by Brotherhood.

After reading one such passage after another one bows his head and joins in Blake's prayer in another section of the same poem:

O Saviour pour upon me thy Spirit of meekness and love!
Annihilate the Selfhood in me: be thou all my life!
Guide thou my hand, which trembles exceedingly upon the rock of ages
While I write.

A. J. M.

Labor and the Public

Your Stake in Collective Bargaining, by R. Carskadon and S. T. Williamson. Public Affairs Pamphlet, 1946. 32 pp. Ten cents.

This pamphlet gives straightfor-

ward information on labor-management relations with definitions, background, and legal decisions concerning collective bargaining.

Unfortunately the bibliography is entirely inadequate, but anyone wishing a more complete listing can write to FELLOWSHIP.

Restrictive Covenants

Racial Restrictive Covenants. Loren Miller and Bernard J. Sheil. Chicago Council Against Racial and Religious Discrimination, 1947. 31 pp. 20c.

Loren Miller, noted anti-restrictive covenant attorney, deals effectively with legal arguments, while Bishop Sheil of Chicago discusses the moral and religious arguments against discriminatory covenants.

The Law

Your Civil Rights. Legal Department of CIO, 1947. 64 pp. 20c.

All receipts above forty orders will be returned to F. O. R.

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Pro and Con

"Witch Hunt"

The Editors,
FELLOWSHIP:

Traditionally the western democracies have stood for what Justice Holmes called "free trade in ideas." Until 1939 the Civil Service Commission shut its eyes to the radical leanings of employees, just as it still refuses to scrutinize their religion, their Republican or Democratic Party registration, and usually their race or color. But directives favoring the same witch-hunting attitudes rampant after World War I are reappearing.

Recently *PM* carried accounts of the abrupt discharge of five civil service employees by General Quinton at the Aberdeen Proving Ground, because he had seen a Communist Party membership card bearing one of their names. You may remember that the General changed his mind, saying that he had not actually seen the card. But he dismissed the employees.

The main bargaining point now used by the Civil Service Commission in securing Congressional appropriations is that it has joined forces with the FBI and the armed services in a crusade against the "Reds." Hysteria over Russia has led to demands that our citizens adopt a national, uniform political creed.

England and France still work on the principle that all men, irrespective of political creed, have an equal right to government employment. Yet here government employees are dismissed if there is a "reasonable" suspicion that they have shifted their political views with a shift in the views of a foreign power. This of course does not mean England or the Vatican or Argentina.

Christian pacifists must risk the disapproval of American propaganda mills to defend the "Reds" in government service. Failing this we risk the extension of totalitarianism to ever-widening areas of our lives.

T. NOEL STERN,
Boston University

Social Christianity in France

The Editors,
FELLOWSHIP:

Through friendships established by sending relief parcels to France, I am receiving two periodicals published by the Mouvement du Christianisme Social. They contain so many good things that I feel I ought to share them with interested libraries and individuals.

One is the semi-monthly *Cité Nouvelle*, devoted to interpretations of current events in the light of liberal Protestantism. The other is *Christianisme Social*, a bimonthly review containing essays on religious philosophy and sociology, reports of conferences, book reviews, etc. Its editor is Jacques Martin, an FOR member (see FEL-

A PAGE OF COMMENT BY READERS

Readers are invited to contribute to this page. Please keep letters brief, since space is severely limited.

LOWSHIP, Dec. 1946, page 197). I should be glad to pass these on to anyone who is interested.

The venerable Pasteur Elie Gounelle, a pioneer in the Movement for Social Christianity, has asked for assistance in founding a library of social and religious studies. He requests particularly "the best religio-social books of America." Readers who wish to contribute such works may send them to him at 2 Rue des Ecoles, Ganges (Hérault), France, or to the undersigned for forwarding.

J. D. PORTER,
Wesleyan College
Macon, Georgia

Aftermath in Burma

The Editors,
FELLOWSHIP:

The war has left such confusion in every area of life here in Burma that it is hard to begin to describe it. It is not simply the ugly skeletons of wrecked buildings, but the uglier scars on the souls of people. Not only what they have been through already, but the fear that sooner or later the war will come again nags them day after day. They know only a little of the international jealousy and suspicion at work, but they do know there are people trying to cook up a new war. They sense vaguely that China will be involved, perhaps as the center, and that in any case the war will again boil over into Burma.

There is little incentive to start rebuilding, to try to forget. They want more assurance than anyone has yet given them that it is really safe to come out of their jungle caves. Count every little errand you do for FOR important not only for the people of the USA, but for us out here as well. People like you see the picture clearly enough to know how much it matters to the "little people" of the world that the bigger powers be decent.

MARTIN ENGLAND,
Bhamo, Burma

Gourmets in Uniform

The Editors,
FELLOWSHIP:

Some of us here are preparing to found a "League of Un-Men and Women of the World." We will pledge ourselves to eat all our enemies, including men, women, children, and infants, whom we may kill in future wars since it seems wanton to

kill without economic gain of some kind. In this way we shall reap at least some advantage from our wars. We also hope to approximate our ethical standards to those of the Fuegian, and other cannibals who claim they never kill humans unless in direct need of flesh as food.

We hereby appeal to your group to join us in this movement towards a more intimate fellowship of victors and conquered.

Awaiting your favorable reply, most gastronomically yours,

C. H. HANDSCHIN
Oxford, Ohio

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"I am just another veteran. I spent the biggest share of three years overseas, most of the time on a minesweeper. I have two brothers, each having more overseas duty than I. One brother was badly wounded twice. My mother was killed in an explosion while working in a manual ammunition depot, my father was injured in a similar explosion.

"I drank up every word of your literature like a parched earth absorbs rain. My brothers and I are intensely interested in your program. . . . I am probably not the first student from this university to write to you. Your *I'm an Ill-Adjusted Veteran* pamphlets in the library keep disappearing, so I know someone is reading them."

Will you help us distribute "Ill-Adjusted Veteran" in other colleges and universities? It will cost more than we can afford, but if you will buy as many copies as you can, we'll take care of the distribution. On the chance that you will really help, we ordered a big printing and reduced the price to the figure of 20 copies for \$1. Single copies 10c.

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Board, room, tuition, and fees approximate \$650 for the academic year. The College work program and scholarships may reduce this amount by \$150 to \$350.

Secretary of Public Relations
William Penn College, Oskaloosa, Iowa

Please send me information as checked:

☐ Application for Admission

☐ College Publications

☐ College Catalog

☐ Financial Needs of the College

Name _____

Address _____

Prospective students for William Penn College:

